

Come buy this new Ballad, before you doe goe:
If you raile at the Author, I know what I know.
To the Tune of, He tell you but so.



It is an old saying,
that few words are best,
And he that says little,
shall live most at rest:
And I by experience
doe finde it right so,
Therefore I spare speech,
but I know what I know.
Yet shall you perceive well,
though little I say,
That many enmities
I will display:
You may guess my meaning,
by that which I show,
I will not tell all,
but I know so.
There be some great climbers,
composed of ambition,
To whom better-hope men
doe bend, with submission:
Your Lucifer climbing,
was call very low,
Hee not say these men,
but I know so.
There be many Foxes
that goe on two legges,
They steale greater matters
then Cocks, Hernes, and Egges,
To catch many Gulls
in sheepes cloathing they goe,
They might be destroy'd
but I know so.
There be many men
that Devotion pretend,
And make us believe,
that true Faith they'll defend:

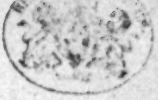
Three times in one day
to Church they will goe,
They copen the world,
but I know so.
There be many rich men,
both Peomen and Gentry,
That for their owne private gain
hurt a whole Countrey.
By closing free Commons,
yet they'll make as though
I were for common good,
but I know so.
There be divers Papists,
that to save their fine,
Come to Church once a month,
to heare Service Divine,
The Pope gives them power,
as they say, to doe so,
They save money by't too,
but I know so.
There be many Whippers
that spy from the Cart,
Who gotten to th' Court,
play the Gentlemans part:
Their fathers were plaine men,
they scorne to be so,
They thinke themselves hane,
but I know so.
There be many Officers,
men of great place,
To whom if one sue
for their favour and grace,
He must byde their seruants,
while they make as though
They know no such thing,
but I know so.



The Second Part.

To the same Tune.

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There be many Women
that seeme very pure,
A kisse from a stranger
they le hardly endure,
They are like Lucretia,
modest in show,
I will accuse none,
but I know yr.

It likewise there be many
dissembling men,
That seeme to hate Drinking
and Whoring, yet when
They meet with a Whore,
to the Tavern they le goe,
They are civill all day,
but I know yr.

There be many Batchelors,
that to beguile
Believing kind Ladies,
Use many a wile,
They all sweare that they love,
when they meane nothing so,
And boast of cheere tricks,
but I know yr.

There's many an Usurer,
that like a Wione
Doth idly live
Upon his moneys Lorie,
From Tens unto Hundredes
his money doth grow:
He sayes he doth good,
but I know yr.

There be many Gallants
that goe in gay Rayment,
For which the Taylor
did neuer receive payment,
They ruffe it out
with a gorgeous show,
Some take them for knights,
but I know yr.

There be many Rogers
that swagger and roge,
As though they in ch'warres had be
Seven peeres and more,
And yet they neuer look
in the face of a Ro:
They seeme gallant sparkes,
but I know yr.

There's many, both Women
and Men that appeare
With beautifull Out-fires,
the Whores eyes to blear:
But all is not Gold,
that doth glister in show,
They are fine with a Por,
but I know yr.

There's many rich Trades-men
who live by Deceit,
And in weight and measure
the poore they doe cheat,
They le not sweare an Oath,
but indeed, I, and so,
They truly protest,
but I know yr.

There be many people
so given to strife,
That they le goe to Law
for a two-penny wife:
The Lawyers nere aske them
why they doe so,
He gets by their hate,
but I know yr.

I know there be many
will carpe at this Ballet,
Because it is like
some dance to their Ballet:
But he, shee, or they,
let me tell ere I goe,
If they speake against this Song,
I know what I know. *Finis.*